

EVENING LEDGER

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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1914.

"Virtue, Liberty and Independence"

THE Evening Ledger stands for Brum-
baugh and Palmer.
The translation of Republican principles
into the established economic policy of the
Government is essential to the well-being of
the United States.

Men, therefore, who are guided by prac-
tice instead of theory can reach but one con-
clusion. Republicanism must be revived, re-
habilitated, vitalized, and its principles once
more made dominant in national affairs.

Against the accomplishments of so essen-
tial a purpose, under a friendly masquerade,
appears the disquieting conspiracy known as
Penroseism. It has its fingers fastened in
the throat of Pennsylvania Republicanism.

Whatever the standing of Penroseism in
Pennsylvania in every other State of the
Union it is hated and detested. Nowhere
else is there any attempt to defend it. Ohio
answered Penroseism with an emphatic re-
pudiation. In New York, Mr. James has
tried to do the overwhelming antagonism of
the rank and file in his own party and has
surrendered his leadership. Tammany, too,
that feebly criminal emulor of the Phila-
delphia Organization, disciplined in its own
hallmark, has been shown of its false colors
and the black flag nailed to its flagpole as
an indignant public. The spirit of the times
against the revival or perpetuation of me-
dievalism; it is against the combination,
the conspiracies, the trades, the ties which,
by common consent, in the recesses of
the street, are embraced in the word re-
publicanism.

This baneful fraternity of numbers is an
old man of the sea of the back of the Repub-
lican party. In every harbor it is the free
trader's slogan. It is the chief Democratic
asset, for men prefer illiteracy when
honest incompetency, to every pretension
of their Government for ulterior purposes.

The election of Mr. Penrose, who does not
and cannot disavow his leadership of the
hungry and thirsty elements which compose
his machine, would hamstring Republican
efforts in every doubtful county in the Union.

Which is better, a Republican majority in
the Senate without Mr. Penrose, or a Re-
publican minority with him? Manufacturers
may as well make up their minds that it is
one or the other. Mr. Penrose has no more
chance of ever being chairman of the Senate
Committee on Finance than he has of
being President of the United States.

Consider the motley elements now lined
up behind him. His bipartisan machine has
wrought a coalition of the liquor interests,
which with incredible stupidity are actually
endeavoring to buy the State Senate in order
to prevent conscientious consideration of the
drink problem. In Philadelphia and Pitts-
burgh, where the great bulk of Mr. Penrose's
strength was shown in the primary, depend-
ence was largely placed on illiterate or irres-
ponsible citizens, men willing to barter their
ballots for Organization crums. The re-
spectable constituency that endorses him is
composed of manufacturers and their allied
interests. To them the enactment of a sen-
sible tariff measure is essential. They have
been blinded by necessity into acceptance of

THE help tendered by so infamous a con-
federacy.

It is madness to yoke a great economic
program to any man's ambition, and it is
suicidal to burden such a program with the
onus of a shameless political crew. It is a
fact that protection has become a byword
through just such tactics. Men believe, and
they have a right to believe, that leaders
who bartered and traded and trafficked in
votes bartered and traded and trafficked in
tariff schedules also. The country will never
again trust men who, it is convinced, be-
trayed an essential economic policy by mak-
ing it the medium of their immoral transac-
tions.

Once before the mistake was made of
identifying an economic principle with a
political career, and so complete was the ruin
that to this day a central United States
Bank cannot be established.

We stand for Doctor Brumbaugh. He is
a colossus among the pigmies who imagine
they can use him. He is not their nominee.
Public opinion forced him on the ticket. He
is the greatest menace the venal machine
has ever encountered. He will sweep aside
corruption, drive out the grafters, purify the
political atmosphere, give a new tone to
affairs, and, better still, he will substitute
for make-believe Republicanism real Repub-
licanism. His candidacy is an inspiration to
all good citizens. They can prove their party
fealty through sending him to Harrisburg
by an overwhelming majority, and, at the same
time, stamping with their condemnation
Penroseism and all that it portends. There
is nothing that could so hearten Repub-
licans the nation over and invigorate the
party as the emphatic endorsement of Brum-
baugh and the equally emphatic rejection of
Penrose. By this means only can the nation
be convinced that Republicanism is one
thing and Penroseism another.

We stand for Mr. Palmer not because of,
but in spite of, his economic principles. We
stand for him because he towers above his
chief opponent in the morality of his per-
spective. We stand for him because he is
the one instrument through which Penn-
sylvania may set itself right before the
nation, because the one hope of national
Republicanism lies in the election of this Demo-
crat. We are for him because his success
would deprive the Republican party of only
one vote in the Senate, and the defeat of Mr.
Penrose would probably give it ten.

It is a memorable campaign which the
State enters, a campaign vital to its industrial
interests. It behoves an independent
Republican newspaper solemnly to warn the
great body of citizens of the crisis which they
face. It is the duty of an honest news-
paper to expose the pretension that an or-
ganization notably devoid of principle is
dabbling for a principle. An unfortunate
conjunction of circumstances has made it
necessary to apply an heroic remedy, to de-
feat the assemblage of impostors of the State's
economic ideals in order to assure the suc-
cess of those ideals in the nation and in the
interest of ordinary morality. It is neces-
sary for the Republican voters to treat
Penroseism as a Republican President. Mr. Taft
treated the Cox machine, which had waxed
fat on the misdeeds it had perpetrated in
Cincinnati. The time has come for Penn-
sylvania to act on Senator Ross's charac-
terization of the Philadelphia Organization
as a criminal conspiracy. Common sense,
indispensable, fundamental morality make
such a course requisite. The duty of every
honorable citizen is plain. Pennsylvania will
vindicate her prestige and her honor by a
stiff-necked resistance to the dictates of con-
science.

For the Service of Philadelphia

THE sympathies of the Evening Ledger
will be insistent in favor of programs which
promise to make this city a better city in
which to live. It will not accomplish its
purpose unless it senses the social and civic
longings of the thousands of housewives
and homemakers who have made Philadel-
phia the splendid metropolis that it is. It
will associate with them for better families of
every sort to which they are reasonably ap-
pealed and of which they are unreasonably
deprived. It is the duty of a great news-
paper to mirror the aspirations of the com-
munity it serves, to visualize conditions of
life as they are and picture them as they
can be and will be. It must be the spokes-
man of the man in the street, the woman in
the house, the girl who needs the orgasm
of necessity by her own soul, with wide-
hearted enthusiasm and with no interest
to serve save the interests of the community,
the State and the nation, the Evening Ledger
dedicates itself to this policy of service and
takes its place among the institutions of
Philadelphia.

Mr. Finchet may be without a party, but
what does he care? He has the nomination.

Mr. Bryan is not for peace at any price.
In fact, the price depends entirely on the
size of the audience.

The navy officers are also doing something
to think about the rest of the war. Napoleon
led an idea that is generally would in any
way.

The only thing the people understand
about rapid transit is that they are not get-
ting it. It will not take them long to find
out why.

Cutting down the river and harbor bill by
putting everything out of it except the
"cock" may be good politics, but it is not
good business. There is trouble in the Ches-
apeake and Delaware Canal, but few votes.

Franklin could generally state a common-
sense conclusion without using words.
This sentence of his was much used in the
Revolutionary period: "They that can give
up essential liberty to obtain a little
temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor
safety."

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

LIFE in some newspaper offices—that is,
official life—is about as certain as the
weather a week hence, and no one knows
this better than the theatrical manager. Not
so long ago the dramatic editor of a Phila-
delphia paper called upon a manager and
was amazed to find him giving a pass for
two seats to the paper's office boy.

"Great Caesar, you don't give tickets to
that boy, do you?" asked the dramatic
editor, after the boy had departed.

"You bet I do," responded the manager, "I
don't know how soon he'll be your boss and
I'm not taking chances."

LUTHER BURBANK has a rival in con-
structive eugenics, if it may be so called.
His name is George White and he lives in
Eaton, O., which will now become famous
as the home of the scratchless chicken, for
that is the type being evolved by White
through a process of elimination and eugenics
as applied to poultry. White bred and cross-
bred chickens until he produced a big white
fowl, with legs fit only for the finest of
bantams. He asserts that his new breed
cannot dig up a neighbor's garden and is not
so apt to stray from its own freside, because
"its legs only reach the ground." In addition,
the new breed, being more sedate, is of a
lesser temperamental mentality and prac-
tically devoid of all neurotic symptoms. He
says nothing of its capacity for laying
eggs, however.

REFLECTED in the light of his great
uncle, Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of
Staff of the German armies, has stood the
acid test of publicity very well. Though
little is known about this six-foot-four giant,
his father-in-law, the Danish Count von
Moltke, is responsible for the story of his
daughter's wedding to the present military
leader. Helmuth fell in love with his distant
cousin and namesake, Eliza von Moltke, the
uncle, had given his consent. A few days
later came a telegram to Copenhagen an-
nouncing the coming of Germany's silent
man. The Danish Count waited at the
railroad station to welcome the victor of Sedan.
A man dressed in a snuff-colored, worn suit
emerged from a second-class carriage, carry-
ing a dingy little bag. It was the General.
Inquiry elicited the fact that his worldly be-
longings were in the bag and that he did
not possess a valet. The consent was given
and Helmuth and Eliza von Moltke have
lived an ideal family life ever since. Inci-
dentally, it may be mentioned that Helmuth
von Moltke won the Iron Cross for personal
bravery during the war of 1870.

WHERE there's a will, there's a way,
says the old adage, and there appears
a way to fulfil the alleged last will of Peter
the Great. This will, the object of 100 years
of controversy, is said to rest in the archives
of Petrograd, but so far as it is known, no
modern eye has ever been laid on the
original copy of this mystic document. Accord-
ing to Frederic Gaudardet, a friend of the
elder Dumas, the will contained 15 clauses.
Peter asserted that in order to become great
Russia must always be at war with Europe;
intermarriages with Germany are to be
forbidden; Poland is to be divided; Sweden
and Denmark invited to discord; encroachment
is to be made along the Black and Baltic
Seas; Austria is to be used as an ally against
Turkey and then defrauded of its gain and
plunged into defensive wars against other
European States, and Russia made dominant
by a policy of playing one State against
another.

The authenticity of the will is very much
in doubt, but it gains interest, nevertheless,
in view of Russia's present stand in Euro-
pean politics.

SPEAKING of the elder Dumas recalls a
literary document of another nature,
which was not authentic, but—here is the
story:

In the middle 40's Dumas had engaged a
large corps of translators, among them being
the father of the writer, then an impetuous
newspaper man. To him fell the task of
translating "Das Boia Konstruktör," a German
novel of stupendous length, written by Spin-
dler and published in Hamburg in 1757.
Dumas took the translation, transposed the
scene from Germany to France and rechristen-
ed the book "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Dumas' "Katherine Blum" is also a trans-
lation, almost verbatim, from "The Forest-
ers," a German play.

SUPERSTITION plays a large part in the
lives of the Hohenzollerns. The appearance
of the mysterious White Lady in the
palace in Potsdam—or is it Berlin?—is said
to presage a death in the family. And now
comes word that the Kaiser is wearing his
holy ring. Whence came the token no one
knows. Frederick the Great, on ascending
the throne, found among his father's posses-
sions a small box containing a ring set with
a strange black stone and a note by Fred-
erick I stating that the ring had been given
to him by his father on his deathbed, with
the injunction that so long as it remained
in the family the fortunes of the Hohenzol-
lerns would endure. The ring was stolen
from Frederick William II by his mistress,
Countess Liechman and with its disappear-
ance came the disasters of the Napoleonic
wars. It was restored in 1815, the year of
the Prussian liberation, and 80 years later,
the biographer of William I, declares that
he saw it on the hand of that monarch during
the war of 1870.

Is William II wearing it?

BUFFALO BILL, who is still active in the
show business, once took Sitting Bull to
the colonel commanding the nearest frontier
post of those days—probably an island
metropolis by this time. The Colonel, seeking
to impress the dauntless Indian with the ad-
vantages of civilization, invited him to a
formal dinner. A round, round-topped hat-
tured for the occasion, handed a spotless
white napkin to the Indian warrior. The latter
looked the mercantile over, granted once or
twice and then—spread it on his chair and
sat on it!

CURIOSITY SHOP
William Murdoch, an English millwright,
went to a factory in search of work one morn-
ing in 1809. The proprietor, who had turned
him away, noticed that he was wearing an
oval hat, whereas the style had been round
until then. Under questioning Murdoch said
that he had turned it out on a lathe, having
wound his hair in, to suit him. The prop-
rietor was so impressed by the novelty, for he
knew, without realizing it, that the modern
headgear, contrary to the usual notion of
events, he made his fortune out of his
discovery.

Talayatchi, the drug used by Mexican Indians
to destroy the reason, but not the physical well-
fare of their victims, is a heritage of the
Aztecs. The ingredients of this most subtle of

poisons are known only to the Indians, who
have kept their secret for hundreds of years.

The municipality compels mourners to de-
corate the Paris crematory with flowers and
charges from 50 cents to \$100, according to
the class of services desired. Before crema-
tion can take place, half a dozen certificates,
signed and countersigned and vided, are re-
quired under the red tape which prevails in
the French capital.

White is the badge of mourning of the Chi-
nese. The Andaman Islander, who still enchere-
ches, paints his entire body white. The
Egyptians used yellow as their visible sign of
grief. In Europe, white was used by the
Catholics as late as 1788 in connection with
the obsequies of Prince John.

VERBAL HANDSHAKES

"We extend to you our heartiest congratula-
tions for the success of the Evening Ledger."
—New York Commercial.

"We wish the new Evening Ledger suc-
cess."—Chester, Pa., Times.

"We wish you every success in your new
undertaking."—Allentown, Pa., Chronicle and
News.

"Best wishes."—Congressman J. Hampton
Moore.

"You can rest assured that it will be a real
pleasure to do anything I can to help you turn
out a great and useful newspaper."—Morris L.
Cook, Director of Public Works.

"Wish you all success."—Ernest L. Tustin,
Recorder of Deeds.

"I hasten to extend my congratulations and
sincere best wishes."—W. Fredland Kendrick,
Receiver of Taxes.

"You may rest assured that it will give me
great pleasure to co-operate with you in any
way I can in order that we may have an even-
ing paper which will correspond in a measure
to the morning edition of the Public Ledger."
—Dr. Richard H. Harte, Director Department
of Health and Charities.

"Having been a reader of the morning Ledger
for many years, I naturally welcome its appear-
ance in the evening field."—Clayton W. Pike,
Chief of Electrical Bureau.

"Best wishes for your success."—Frank J.
Gorman, County Commissioner.

"You have my best wishes for the success of
your venture."—James Robinson, Superintendent
Bureau of Police.

"Best wishes for the success of the Evening
Ledger."—Savannah, Ga., Morning News.

"We shall look for the initial issue of the
Evening Ledger with keen interest."—Gettys-
burg, Pa., Star and Sentinel.

"We welcome this new arrival in the news-
paper field."—Charleston, S. C., Evening Post.

"We will watch with interest for the first
and subsequent issues of the Evening Ledger.
If you come up to the standard of the Public
Ledger you will be setting a new standard."
—Allentown, Pa., Call.

"We wish the new paper a healthy and pros-
perous birth."—Detroit Free Press.

"Best wishes for your success."—Albany,
N. Y., Journal.

"I have been a reader of the daily Ledger
ever since I have been able to read, and I
shall be glad, indeed, to read the Evening
Ledger. I wish you all the success imaginable."
—William McCoach, City Treasurer.

"Here is good luck to the Evening Ledger."
The Public Ledger is now the best
newspaper published, not only in Philadelphia
but in a great many other cities in the
country as well, and we not only get it on our
exchange list, but have it sent home and pay
for it with sincere appreciation of its worth.
Here are the best wishes for the success of
the authorship of them all, the Penn-
sylvania, and for the busy infant who will see
the light of day for the first time tomorrow.
Go get 'em!"—Reading, (Pa.) Telegram and
Times.

A New Evening Contemporary
"Who" extras during the past few weeks
have served to reunite the community to
the afternoon appearance of the Public
Ledger, which, according to announcement, is
to be published in regular evening edition,
beginning next Monday afternoon, and have
made the first step in the dual role of morning
and afternoon newspaper more simple. The
evening newspaper in the United States has
had a distinct advantage in the receipt and
handling of the news service in the European
war, although hardly more than that which it
possesses in ordinary times, in its opportunity
to get the afternoon and evening attention of
the reader, as compared with the busy morn-
ing hours. But the evening edition of the
Public Ledger will remedy no introduction in
Philadelphia, for the paper long ago estab-
lished its sphere and welcome at any time of
day—Evening Bulletin.

The Workin' Song of Old John Paul
By HOLMAN F. DAY
Drove by the church lived old John Paul,
He raked with the lammer and he jabbed with
his awl.
He rapped and he tapped on his worn lapstone,
And ever he trodded with a lusty tone:
"Oo, high, diddy-dl, for Sal' ol' r' Sal!
Plum was afe, an' a right smart gal.
Song to the contrary an' upper down the hall,
High, diddy-dl," sang old John Paul.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

ONE COULD scarcely allow the birth of
Philadelphia's newest evening paper to
pass without a word or two about evening
newspapers, and especially about Philadelphia's
first evening journal, which, by the way, was
the first evening paper to be published in this
country, and, if I am not mistaken, the first
evening paper to be published in the world.

Some of my Boston friends, who have prided
themselves upon what the Hub has done for
journalism as well as for all other branches of
polite literature, probably will take exception
to this statement, and hasten to remind me
that there was a Boston Evening Post as far
back as 1755.

In reply, assuming my Boston friends would
make this assault, I must remind them that
the Boston Evening Post can scarcely be
classed as an evening newspaper.

The Boston Evening Post originally was
known as The Rehearsal, and under that name
was published about 1761. It was a weekly, and
more or less a literary paper, after the style
of so many of the little sheets in the eighteenth
century. No reader of the Evening Ledger
would think of it as a newspaper in the
modern sense. However, about two years after
it was in existence, it became the property of
Thomas Fleet, who for a long time was
believed to be connected with the authorship
of "Mother Goose." That question has not been
definitely settled yet, but we may let that pass.

Fleet maintained his paper as The Rehearsal
for some time, and then, without notice,
changed its name to the Boston Evening Post.
The only other change was the time of publica-
tion. It now came out on Monday evening,
whereas the paper formerly had come out on
Monday morning.

But we must be entirely fair. There was still
another evening paper published in this
country before the Pennsylvania Evening Post.
Let us take a look at it.

This also was a weekly, and was printed in
New York by Henry de Forest. This was
begun in 1768, but did not live more than a
year. It is now known only by name, and
only by students of American journalism. It
made no impress upon history.

But the Pennsylvania Evening Post did make
an indelible impression on American jour-
nalism.

It is rather curious to find that this paper
was connected in its history with a Public
Ledger, not the present one, of course, but an
earlier and forgotten one.

Benjamin Towne, the publisher of the Penn-
sylvania Evening Post, was an Englishman,
born in Lincolnshire, according to Isaiah
Thomas. He seems to have come first to
Philadelphia, as did almost every enterprising
English emigrant in the eighteenth century,
and was engaged by Goddard as a journeyman
printer. Goddard, who was in partnership
with the Tories, Joseph Galloway and Thomas
Wharton, published the Pennsylvania Chronicle
in 1762, and was so fair in his treatment of
American topics that he and his partners had
a falling out. It is a most interesting tale
in itself, and one of these afternoons we may
tell more of it.

In the meantime, however, we must speak of
Towne's connection with Goddard's paper.
The latter's partners, who were leaders of
what might be called the Tory party here,
were so much angered at the publication of
Dickinson's Farmers' Letters, which gave the
American view of the dispute with the mother
country, that they induced Towne to act as
a spy for them in Goddard's office. Finally,
when Goddard left the city, Towne, probably
with the assistance of his former employer,
started a printing house of his own.

James Humphreys, who was a Philadelphia
born, and who had received his education in
the College of Philadelphia, had finally, after
several attempts to find himself, taken up the
trade of printing. In the autumn of 1771 he
announced that he would soon publish an
important newspaper. There was a suspicion
among the people that the Ledger would be
a Tory paper, and Towne thought he saw an
opportunity to start an opposition sheet. So he
hastened to publish the Pennsylvania Evening
Post before Humphreys could issue his Ledger.

Both papers made their appearance about the
same time in 1773. Towne had the best of it
from the start, so he became friendly with the
Wells, and his sheet was regarded as a Whig
organ. Congress in time have their proceedings
to print, and he was prospering. But he was
a person to whom self interest was uppermost.
He was a Whig so long as the Americans held
the city, but when the British came to town
Towne remained and continued to print the kind
of news Lord Howe desired. At that time
Humphreys, who had been obliged to leave the
city because of his Tory principles, returned
and again issued his Ledger, but Towne was so
successful in carrying water on both shoulders
that he remained master of the field.

Both men, as well as Towne's former em-
ployer, Galloway and Wharton, had been
placed on the list of persons charged with being
Loyalists. Galloway fled with the British and
went to England, Wharton and Towne re-
mained.

By some strange chance Towne was not in-
cluded when the Patriots returned to the city,
but was permitted to continue his business un-
challenged. He continued to print his Evening
Post until the close of the war.

Towne was a high flyer, but was a skillful
printer, and his work was exceedingly done.
His Evening Post was printed three times a
week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,
and the price, originally "two pence," was raised
to "three pence," say about 5 cents and 12
cents at the present rate.

The Pennsylvania Evening Post was the first
paper to print the Declaration of Independence.
This appeared on its front page for July 8, 1776,
and in one of its numbers in 1778 appeared the
first account of Washington's historic crossing
of the Delaware. Either of these pieces of news
would be classified in very large type by a
modern newspaper, but they were very modest
ly printed in the Evening Post.

Philadelphia seems to have the best claim to
having published the first evening newspaper
in this country, at least.

THE IDEALIST
If you had carried out to the last of your
ability everything which you had planned to
carry out, you would now be one of the leaders
of men.

Not every one can lead. There must be ranks
as well as a captain. The question is: Why
are you not a captain? And that takes us back
to this matter of carrying things out to a
finish.

One day a widow known and very kindly
real estate operator was riding over a beautiful
country in company with an interesting man
whom she had known and she gave him the
name of the Idealist.

"Young man," said he, "everybody gets ideas
everybody. Some misguided folks really be-
lieve there are a few men of admitted mental
superiority who conquer every last idea of worth
in the world. That's their! The difference be-

tween the successful and the unsuccessful man
is that the man of success begins working out
his idea and sticks to it to a finish. While
your man who is a failure gets a glorious gim-
mer of ideas far beyond, starts working out
his idea, smashes into the first fence, and quits
cold. My boy, begin and stick. And don't stick
as a matter of duty or merely to make good
your self-promises. Stick as if you wanted to
stick!"

We are all doers of good—mentally. But,
either through fear of making a bungle of our
efforts or because we lack the courage to put
into operation good instincts and inspirations
and to "keep them going," we do not become
actual doers of good.

The next time you get an idea that has an
honest, worthy ambition in front of it, whether
you consider it old, worn out, insignificant or
what not, just remember the real estate man.

Begin to work it out.
But, most important of all, work it out to a
finish.
Conceiving, operating and sticking—these
three. But the greatest of these is sticking.

THOU NAMELESS COLUMN

A Reminder
Our own private war in Montana is also a
Butte—Boston Transcript.

A Kind of Stick-to-it-iveness
Two business men, so it is told, were lunch-
ing together when an old graybeard stumped
by. "That's Brown. He works for me," said
the first business man.

"He's an honest-looking chap. Has he got
staying powers?" asked the second business
man.

"He has that," said the first. "He began at
the bottom of the ladder in '76, and he's stayed
there ever since."

Another Kind of the Same
What do you think of this as an example of
constancy? It is cited by the Alta Vista (Kan.)
Journal:

"Jacob Eisenhut is in town Monday wear-
ing a work shirt he bought 41 years ago when
he lived in beautiful old Switzerland. It cost
\$1.50."

A Spring Poem Without Flowers
Contrary to general opinion there are several
varieties of spring poems, some of which bloom
in the fall. Mr. W. P. Eaton deserves credit for
this:

"It is spring today; I know the eight-
The smell of asphalt fills the air.
The gas-pipe men are mending lines,
And digging ditches in the square."

A Long Shot
In a text-book on arithmetic the Sacred
Heart Review has discovered the following in-
genious problem: "A cannon ball travels 20
feet in one second. How far will it be from
the muzzle of the gun after the lapse of thirty-five
minutes?"

Nine Points of the Law
Harper's Magazine describes an excellent
situation suitable for very young ladies:

"The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in
her room to make sure that her skirt fitted to
her entire satisfaction, descended to the parlor
to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee
of the young man caller, her curly head nestled
comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed,
"aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right
down!"

"Shan't do it," retorted the child. "I got her
first."

War and the Dictionary
A cable dispatch from Paris read: "Ten
members attended the French Academy's regu-
lar meeting this week and discussed the word
'evade' for the dictionary. 'Evade' means ex-
cuse." Evidently the French are suffering from
lack of sufficient words to express their de-
light over the retreat of the Germans.

A Double Fumble
"Who was that tough-looking chap I saw you
with today, Hicks?"

"Be careful, Parker! That was my twin
brother!"

"By Jove, old chap, forgive me! I ought to
have known."—Boston Transcript.

This Is a True Story
It happened in a small city about a week
after the time for paying dog licenses had
expired. The dog catcher was out on the trail
of unlicensed dogs. In a house on the outskirts
of that city lived two women who may be de-
scribed as middle-aged and unmarried. They
had a dog named Bingo.

One day one of these women went out to
do a washing. When she returned home that night
she saw something on the front door that
rightened her. She ran back down the street
and hysterically accosted the first person she
met: "Come quick! Come quick!" she cried
to the astonished man, and he came. There
was a movement of a window curtain, and pre-
sently the door opened a bit.

"What's the matter? Oh, what's the matter?"
frantically demanded the woman behind him.
"Who's dead?"

"Cause the catn repley from the doorway:
'There ain't nobody dead, I hung up traps
to keep the dog catcher out. Bingo's in here
with me."

National Point of View
"Even Argentina long ago learned to govern
her internal improvements without waste of
grain; and it is not for want of feasible plan
that we have not done the same."—New York
Evening Post.

The Ottoman Government must have strong
reasons to believe it can maintain its new pre-
tensions indefinitely, otherwise it would scarcely
have made a move whose failure will bring
humiliation heaped upon humiliation."—Detroit
Free Press.

"Increasing the taxes on liquor and beer
is welcomed in the press favorable to the
traffic. The liquor dealers of the country are
glad of an opportunity to use a larger share
of the war taxes and thus make the govern-
ment more dependent on this interest."—Chas-
tanoga News.

"The American President seems to be a sort
of universal umpire. As far as the railroads are
concerned we think that there probably never
was a time when the people were more willing
to treat them fairly and justly."—Indianapolis
News.

"That farm state which is gaining assiduously
in the cotton market from south Georgia farmers
is soon over. It means not only revenue de-
crease, but better marketing of diversified
products."—Savannah Morning News.

"Altogether, the situation in Mexico affords
as much opportunity for a fair test